

# FORD TIMES

JULY 1977



Fourth of July,  
Cajun Style



# More sport for our new Ford LTD II



If you like a mid-size car that stands out with dramatic flair, Ford has two great new ideas for you in the very popular LTD II. Top: new Sports Touring Package. Below: new Sports Appearance Package. Both are available on our LTD II series and LTD II S 2-Door Hardtop. And different from any other car you've ever seen. You are invited to see the sporty new LTD II's.

**Come see them today.**



When America needs  
a better idea,  
Ford puts it on wheels.

## **SPORTS TOURING PACKAGE**

- Tu-Tone paint on bodysides, hood, and lower back panel
- Grille badge
- Magnum 500 styled steel wheels with trim rings
- H70 x 14 raised white letter tires
- Unique "II" exterior designation
- And more

## **SPORTS APPEARANCE PACKAGE**

- Wide tri-color up-and-over tape stripe in white, red, and orange—or red, yellow, and orange
- Grille badge
- Magnum 500 styled steel wheels with trim rings
- H70 x 14 raised white letter tires
- Unique "II" exterior designation
- And more



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The Ford Owner's Magazine

# FORD TIMES

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**Cover:** A group of Louisiana Cajuns have a special way of celebrating Independence Day. Story begins on page 16. Painting by Walter Brightwell.

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# Finding the OLD KENTUCKY HOME

by Susan Weaver  
paintings by Jerry E. Ott

**T**WO MORE years will make a hundred since I moved by covered wagon from Kentucky," my great-uncle said recently, with the stoic assurance of one who's seen 105 summers turn into fall. Bent like a hickory limb with the passing of seasons, scarcely over five feet tall, Loyd Hardaway moves slowly with a cane. Still his mind is quick, and his memory sharp.

Several years ago the tug of memory, in fact, made him want to go back—from Carthage, Missouri, where he had lived most of his life—to a valley between two wooded hills in Kentucky some 40 miles southwest of Louisville. There, in a log house in 1871, Uncle Loyd was born, a red-headed twin. Now he wanted to find the home place he had left when he was eight. I wish I could have been there.

I can picture him perched expectantly on the front seat of the car

as his daughter Ethel drove. Retracing in hours the covered wagon journey that took 21 days, he must have been popping with memories. Had I been there I would have asked him what it was like. Whether I knew the story or not, its recounting would have been appropriate.

"We left the farm in Kentucky the 25th of October in 1879," he would have told me—Father, Mother, Loyd, twin brother Luther, two younger brothers, five and two, and a step-brother—"the brother of the older family."

The wagon bed was piled full of boxes and carpentry tools, with comforters and a feather bed on top to pad the rough ride. Relatives waved them off on their twisting, winding journey.

They owned two horses and a mule, so they'd work each animal two days, then "lay it off one." Eighteen-year-old Nate, "the broth-



er of the older family," would ride the one not pulling the wagon.

Over the ears of the wagon team Loyd watched the countryside roll by. As a rule, it didn't matter which pairs of ears were pulling the wagon. But one day he remembers the mule as part of the team. If the Mississippi River divides East from West, it may not seem strange that

Hardaways' mule wanted to announce his presence at this landmark. On the Eads Bridge at St. Louis, about where Illinois becomes Missouri, the mule halted and began to bray. No matter that there was a line of traffic behind them. No matter that people were hollering, "Go on there, go on!" And no matter that Loyd's father slapped





the reins and hollered, too. That mule didn't move until he was ready—until the braying and the announcement were complete.

There weren't always bridges and roads, however. From St. Louis through the Ozark Highlands, across high hills and deep valleys, roads were mere wagon ruts. "Father's Kentucky wagon was six inches wider than Missouri wagons," my great-uncle would remind me. If the wheels were channeled in the rut on one side, the opposite wheels would jump from one stone to the next. I can imagine someone observing the wagon from a distance as twin shocks of red hair—Loyd and Luther—bounced along inside. Sometimes there was nothing *but* stones, because when it rained there was no mud.

It did rain, some 60 miles east of Springfield, Missouri—heavy rain in the night, and Mother held the two-year-old to comfort him. In the morning, camped on a spit of land beside Piney Creek, they could see the river had risen. They would have to ford it to avoid being trapped. With swirling water loud in their

ears they loaded the wagon, not pausing for breakfast. That was a time thoughts flashed back to the familiar fireplace hearth in Kentucky where anyone came when cold and wet, and where everyone wished they were as Nate and Father hitched up the horses and prepared to plunge into the river.

### Loyd felt fear

As they entered the stream, Loyd watched the water swallow up the wheels. Then they were floating. The horses snorted and swam for the opposite bank, which now seemed even farther away than before. Nate, on the mule, achieved the shore; he anxiously watched the family in the drifting wagon and felt a knot of fear in his chest. Finally the team got footing on the bank and pulled them up out of the water. The danger of the river was behind them, and they pressed on to Springfield. There in a building were stoves for travelers to cook on instead of a campfire, as Loyd's mother had been doing, even baking bread in the kettle. The stoves were pure luxury. He remembers the meal in Springfield with special pleasure. "Father went out to buy some meat for supper, and he came back with venison!"

Then in comparatively little time—on November 15—they ended their 21 days on the road at Jasper, Missouri.

Boyhood there was easier for Loyd than in Kentucky, where he







had attended school, from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. in a one-room schoolhouse, walking 2½ miles each way. The school, like Loyd's own house, had been heated only by a fireplace. "I never saw central heating at all till I came to Missouri," he told me.

So in Missouri Loyd knew the pains and pleasures of growing up. He considered himself happy in his marriage to my Aunt Jen. The marriage lasted 65 years until she died. There were children, then grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. There was work—61 years in a store. There was advancing age and looking back.

Although he never learned to

drive a car (he bicycled to work for years), he gladly rode with his daughter Ethel at the wheel. Thus he made that trip back to Kentucky; he was 97.

After a visit in Louisville with relatives, they all set out in search of the old place. They were looking for a hill and at the foot of it a spring that ran down into a valley where there were sugar maple trees and folks used to make maple syrup. The log house had faced east—a double house, with an open space between the houses on the first level. There had been other log buildings—a stable, two tobacco houses, a smokehouse for curing



meat, and two slave cabins.

When they reached the vicinity of Loyd's birthplace, they asked local people where it might be. But no one seemed to know, and every lead became a dead end. Bitterly disappointed, Uncle Loyd had to make do with memories and with seeing the countryside in the area. Finally the disconsolate group gave up and headed back to Louisville. From there Loyd and Ethel would drive home.

They were on their way back to Missouri but still in Kentucky when he questioned Ethel. "What are you going south for? That's not the way."

She admitted she wanted to try once more. In the crossroads of Bewleyville, Loyd asked two men in a store whether they knew a valley where a spring runs out of a cave and down into a sinkhole. They consulted a while and said at last, "We believe we can tell you where that is."

Ethel followed their directions, Loyd examining every hill and stream they passed. Then, raspy

with excitement—"That's the place! That's our old home place." They drove into a yard where a man and a woman were standing. Loyd got out.

"I'm looking for the farm where I was born in 1871," he said. "And I believe this is the place. I'm certain it is."

The couple quit their gardening to size up the alert little man and then led Ethel and Uncle Loyd down the hill to the spring.

### Passage of time evident

What they saw there showed as clearly as the old man's body the passage of time. The buildings, except one dirt-floor slave cabin and the log stable, were gone. Something indomitable in him had outlasted them, as it had survived almost 100 years of living. But his pleasure at being home was too great to let the absence of the old house spoil it.

He peered into the slave cabin. He knelt at the spring to taste the water; the stones from the spring house were still there. He considered the growth in the sugar maples. He told Ethel and the man and his wife just how it had been.

Then he was ready to go. "Do you see that, Ethel? They've got tobacco in the same field where Father used to plant it." He was satisfied. Something in him had come home again; something was completed. I wish I could have been there. □







## Where Did All the Aprons Go?

by Anne-Marie Nilsen  
 paintings by Marcus Hamilton

I ADMIRE my granddaughter even while admitting she has this one small fault: She never uses an apron. She doesn't *own* an apron.

She and her contemporaries run efficient homes, cook gourmet meals, sew fashionable wardrobes and serve willingly on school and church committees. They not only don't use aprons, they give the impression they've never even seen one outside of *Godey's Lady's Book*. Flinching as I watched my

granddaughter flick her fingers down a towel looped in her blue jeans belt, I asked her if she'd wear an apron if I made one for her. She stopped in mid-flight to peer into my face to see if I was joking.

"Heavens no, Gran. Who uses them?"

"I do."

She gave my shoulder an affectionate pat. "I know you do but you're unique."

I had that dreadful feeling her

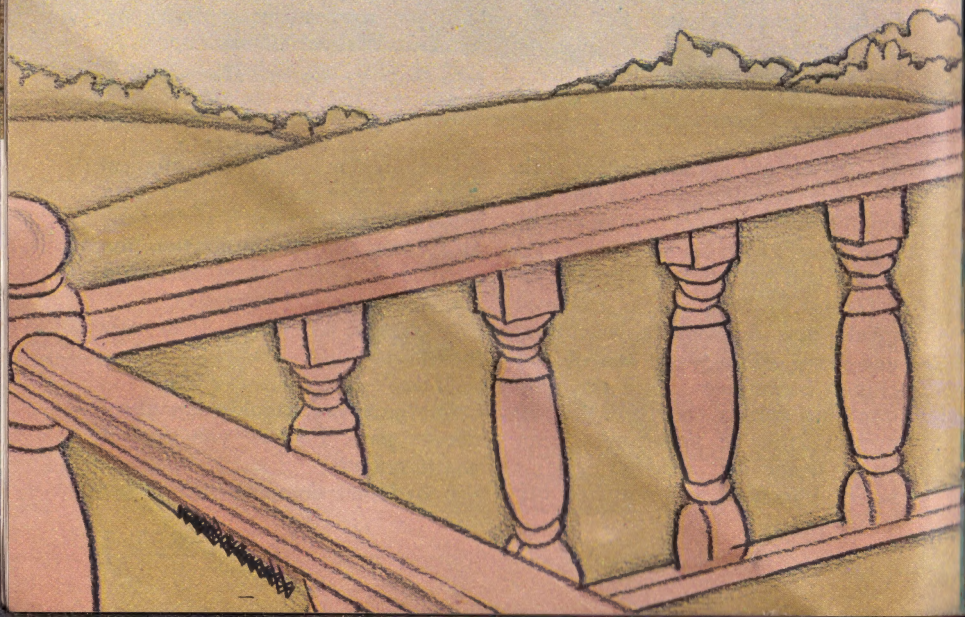


tongue barely skated past the word "weird." I could have told her that that very morning my own apron had become an emergency dust cloth as I swished it across two table tops on my way to answering the door bell. I also could have added that there's nothing to beat an apron for toting. I bring apples up from the basement, eggs in from the hen house, wood in from the wood shed and more than once have carried orphaned kittens in from the barn.

Those New England merchants who operated businesses that ringed the square in the town in which I was reared had no compunctions about donning an apron. The black-

smith wore a huge leather apron that covered him from chin to heel; the cobbler wore one of blue and white ticking; the ice man one of rubber; the butcher, the baker and the draper . . . all wore aprons of style and materials suitable to their trades. Today a man wears one when he wants to be cute while barbecuing ribs at a picnic.

I used to be able to get my year's supply at a church bazaar, but those tables have become display areas for eye-catching gadgets that are not always useful. I suppose not all things must serve a purpose, but when gilded egg cartons or plastic bleach bottles are nudged into the "art" category because of a coat of









paint, I begin to wonder why aprons were jettisoned in their favor.

My own mother was a practical woman who made her own aprons, as did most housewives of her day. There was a set ritual about her day that started at six in the morning when she donned a bibbed gingham affair that was kept on a hook behind the pantry door. As the morning progressed the pockets bulged as she went from room to room. A bit of thread here, a tatting shuttle there, or embroidery scissors, an "egg" for darning our long, black-ribbed stockings, a crochet hook or one of my father's misplaced collar buttons. The apron pocket dispensed as well as collected: It often held such surprises as a piece of fresh coconut, a chunk of rock candy or even a new taffeta hair ribbon.

But, come noon, that sensible gingham apron was whisked off, to be replaced by a frilly organdy that barely hid her flowered dress but still was protection enough while she dished up the standard New England fare of creamed codfish over boiled potatoes. On Sundays she wore a black taffeta with two rows of ruffles and a pocket no bigger than a thimble. Her supply was endless, the selection kaleidoscopic.

New England ladies referred to them as "apuns." I wonder if they still do. Our grade school teacher's mood could be accurately predicted by the color of her apron: if grey or black, watch your Ps and Qs, but

if white or lilac it was going to be a good day. They were plain aprons—no ruffles, no embroidery, but they often did have a narrow insertion of crocheted lace at the hem. That little bit of lace made even those hugely enveloping aprons seem less austere than those worn by the Quaker ladies who lived north of town.

And today? Well, if one sees a woman wearing an apron it would make heads turn for a second look. I realize I'm an oddity in preferring to protect myself against splashes and dribbles, but aprons are as old as the beginning of the world. When God's wrath was aroused at Adam and Eve, they made themselves aprons of fig leaves. The word "apron" is mentioned many times in the Bible. The Romans, the Egyptians and the Greeks all wore aprons in one form or another. Many of those early aprons were made of fine linens and precious metal threads but I am not sure even those were as elegant or as splendid as some worn by the proudly attired ladies at the church quilting parties.

Flaunting new aprons was, however, secondary to pride in the cakes (with inch-thick icings) and rich salads held together with honest-to-goodness whipped cream. While the ladies gossiped, I ate myself all out of shape with resultant stomach aches that were eased only by burying my head in my mother's aproned lap.





No matter how fine, or common, the apron, there is no better place to sob out one's physical hurts or bashed ego. Somehow, regardless of time of day or night, that haven always was available. Was it because it was a refuge from slings and arrows? Or was it an urge to stay close to the mother warmth? Whatever the reason, the apron was the cure for every passion.

The union of the old-fashioned apron with the jet age is, I think,

singularly mine. When my grandson buzzes the farm, I run out to flap my apron, signaling I've received his message. By the time he's parked his company airplane, a bare two flight-minutes away, and boiled up the driveway, the steaks will be medium rare. As I set the table he ties on one of my aprons to toss the salad. Now why can't I get his wife to do the same? Maybe the right moment hasn't come yet, but I'll keep trying. □

## ***Economical, Fun-to-Drive Cars***

# The Sweet-Handling MUSTANG II...

***by Richard L. Routh***

**L**EAVE it to Ford's designers and engineers to add fresh flair to America's fun-to-drive Mustang II: an optional T-roof convertible for those who like to let the stars and sun shine in.

Combine 1977½ options such as the T-roof convertible with Mustang II's sweet handling, economical operation and sporty lines, and it's easy to understand why the car appeals to the young at heart.

Just in time for summer fun, the T-roof convertible is available on Mustang II's three-door Mach 1 and 2 + 2. The two panels in the T-roof are tinted, tempered glass and can be removed easily, stored in a special pouch and stowed in the luggage area.

Each of Mustang II's four models—including the two-door hardtop and Ghia—has rack-and-pinion steering, a floor-mounted four-speed manual transmission and a computer-tuned suspension to help give Mustang II exceptional maneuverability and a smooth, comfortable ride. All but the Mach 1 come with a 2.3-liter four-cylinder engine.

Mach 1's engine is a 2.8-liter V-6.

The Environmental Protection Agency estimated the mileage for the Mustang II with a 2.3-liter engine and manual transmission at 33 miles per gallon for highway driving and 23 miles per gallon for city driving. Mach 1, with the 2.8-liter engine and manual transmission, was estimated at 27 and 20 miles per gallon in the same categories. California ratings are different. Your actual mileage will vary, depending on your car's condition, optional equipment, and how and where you drive.

Inside, Mustang II has ample room for four. Contoured front bucket seats are thickly cushioned and can be adjusted individually to accommodate driving or riding needs. The instrument cluster is a sport buff's delight and includes tachometer, ammeter, and fuel and temperature gauges.

Ghia comes with a choice of Sterling plaid cloth or vinyl seat trim, opera windows, exterior pin striping and a half vinyl roof. The 2 + 2 has a no-cost front spoiler,





sports steering wheel, styled steel wheels, blackout grille and a rear seat that folds down. Mach 1 features dual sport mirrors and styled steel wheels with bright trim rings.

The 2 + 2 also is available with two 1977½ options: A Rallye Appearance Package includes gold dual-accent stripes on the hood and bodysides; an optional no-cost black front spoiler, flat-black dual sport mirrors, seats with Touraine bodycloth inserts and gold vinyl piping, and a wrapped sport steering wheel. And for the ultimate in sporty attire, a Cobra II Package features items such as a hood scoop, black grille with Cobra II snake emblem, "Cobra II" block letters with wide center bodyside tape stripe,

decklid spoiler, and flat-black quarter- and rear-window louvers.

The Mustang II pictured on this page features the following options: dual sport mirrors, Deluxe Bumper Group, no-cost front spoiler and T-roof convertible. □

Floor shift is fingertip handy



# ...and the Highly Spirited PINTO

**ASK ANY Ford dealer why the highly spirited Pinto is America's best-selling small car and you will get plenty of good reasons:**

*Such as its low price.* Pinto is nimble and fun to drive, but it never departs from its original plan—to be an economical car to buy.

*Its excellent mileage.* The Environmental Protection Agency estimated Pinto at 39 miles per gallon for highway driving and 27 miles per gallon for city driving. This was for a Pinto with the standard 2.3-liter engine, manual transmission and 2.73 axle, and without air conditioning, power steering and power brakes. California ratings are lower. Your actual mileage will vary depending on your car's condition, optional equipment, and how and where you drive.

*Its reduced requirements for scheduled maintenance.* Pinto's schedule now calls for 10,000 miles, or six months, between oil changes and 30,000 miles between stops for lubrication.

*Its high resale value.* Compare Pinto with Vega, for instance, in the *National Automobile Dealers Association Used Car Guide*, and you will find Pinto's resale price consistently higher.

Your Ford dealer also probably

will cite Pinto's roomy and comfortable interior for four, sporty handling, fresh new look, exciting options and more. When you add up all these features, the small Pinto comes out as a very big value whether you select a two-door sedan, a three-door Runabout or any of Pinto's three station wagon versions.

Functional standard equipment on Pinto includes DuraSpark ignition, which does not require points or condenser; precise rack-and-pinion steering, and front disc brakes.

Inside, Pinto features bucket seats in vinyl or cloth-and-vinyl trim, cut-pile carpeting, a deep-dish steering wheel with padded hub, bright aluminum door scuff panels and more.

The station wagon carries a respectable 57.2 cubic feet of load-space with the rear seat down and has a counterbalanced liftgate for full access to Pinto's low load floor.

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Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional equipment items that are available at extra charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Always consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.





**Pinto Runabout with Accent Stripe Group**

For a step-up in appearance from the Pinto Wagon, the Pinto Squire Wagon includes woodgrain vinyl bodyside paneling. And the Pinto Cruising Wagon is an attention-getting mini street van with features such as bubble-glass portholes, front spoiler and styled steel wheels with trim rings.

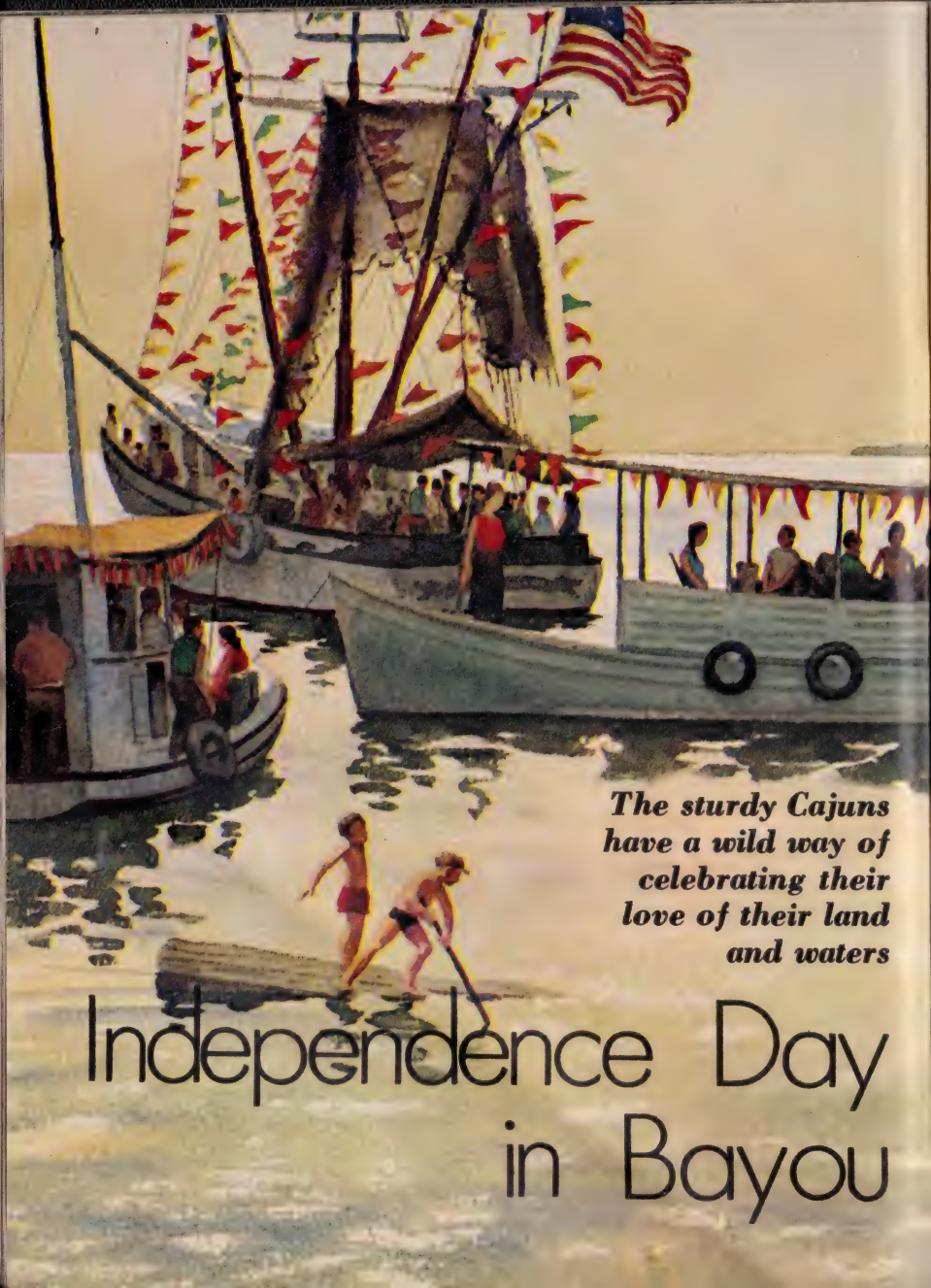
Pinto options run the gamut from an all-glass third door for the Runabout to a flip-up open air roof for the sedan or Runabout. Two recently introduced dress-up options for the Runabout: a Rallye Appearance Package that includes dual gold accent stripes, dual sport mirrors and black front spoiler, and an Accent Stripe Group, including a unique tape stripe running full body length and around the all-glass third door, three diagonal accent

stripes on the front fender, hood pin striping and unique seats with white diagonal stripes sewn into each seat back.

Pintos pictured on this page include the following options: flip-up open air roof, electric rear-window defroster, Deluxe Bumper Group and Accent Stripe Group. □

**Flip-up open air roof**





*The sturdy Cajuns  
have a wild way of  
celebrating their  
love of their land  
and waters*

# Independence Day in Bayou





**I** WAS a mistake to sit on *that* ice chest, or this one, either, because there was beer inside. There was a call "Come by me, *Cousin*," and I moved to a hatch cover forward. Was I truly here? A hinterlander aboard an oyster lugger with

**by Sara Campbell Dudley**  
**paintings by Walter Brightwell**

# Country



20 other people, chugging along a Louisiana bayou at 7:30 on a blue-green-gold morning? Adventure. My first Cajun Fourth-of-July.

The bayou turned, and we passed beneath great twisted cypress and water oak. Sunlight glinted on the placid water-lane; noise literally bounced from bank to bank as more boats thrust out into the channel. We were a miniflotilla of luggers, trawlers, flatboats, LaFitte skiffs, big boats, little boats. On each, the American flag fluttered proudly astern; each craft fairly rippled with bunting, garlands, streamers of every color and description. And each was packed to the gunwales with shouting, singing, hallooing folk of the bayou country, rejoicing in a tradition of their own. Lines neatly coiled, working

gear and nets secured, the holiday boats glided serenely across the intersecting ship channel. Then we were into Lake Borgne; a stiff breeze from the southwest chopped at the shallow waters.

Cajuns are among the most hospitable people in the world. Nothing is too much—or too good—for their kin, or for their friends.

My host and hostess live on Bayou LaLoutre, about 40 tortuous road-miles downriver from New Orleans. They harvest oysters and shrimp in season—sometimes.

Trawlers must be gamblers. They are at the mercy of weather, tides, government agencies, and ecological disruptions. The tremendous jump in fuel cost has created yet another hazard.

### **Small return for hard labor**

On one recent weekend, my friends and their four active children drudged for three days at the hardest kind of labor, under a broiling sun. Market prices were down; fuel and ice prices up. Their net profit for the backbreaking 72-plus hours? "We make a buck-fifty, us." \$1.50. So, when they provide bountifully as they do, it isn't because they have money to throw around. Yet there'll always be food on their table: speckled trout, redfish, fat flounders, wild rabbits, ducks, and geese. There'll be shellfish in rich, hot gumbos loaded with rice; rabbit and waterfowl baked, braised, fried or stewed; gardenstuff.



Today we were not to go hungry or thirsty, either. We had aboard large ice chests filled with cold spiced shrimp and crabs, hot dogs and hamburger patties to grill on the charcoal brazier bolted to the deckhouse, and pounds of savory barbecued chicken. When my hostess cooks, she cooks. Cartons overflowed with trimmings: carefully iced quarts of potato salad, mammoth jars of mayonnaise and hot Creole mustard. A wild assortment of soft drinks and case upon case of beer completed the menu.

The sun was high now, as we made for a cluster of craft to starboard, anchored in a loose curve. We newcomers took our places, to the accompaniment of much hooting and blowing of whistles. Anchors splashed over.

Within our sprawling, irregular circle, small children whooped and tussled; infants wobbled solemnly on rafts; teenagers romped through noisy games with Frisbies and Dayglo beach balls. Adults lolled on inner-tubes, beer in hand.

A weird mélange of sound floated about me. Almost every boat had a radio—and every radio seemed to be on. My friends and fellow celebrants apparently share a deep, abiding fondness for country and Western music; several local stations were making it available—but not with simultaneous programming.

Throughout the bright hours we laughed, we frolicked, we swam or basked in the sun; we ate and drank

—oh! how we ate and drank—and we waited for dusk, to begin shooting off the illegal fireworks everybody had brought. At intervals some skipper would decide it was time for another toot-whistle-and-bell session.

### The wind freshened

Around 4 o'clock, the wind freshened and began backing to the northwest. Suddenly waves slapped harder, and the atmosphere thickened. Hands pointed to the horizon. Line squall. It squatted there in all its menace—a thick rope of blue-black-green, pale sky behind. They knew at once. In these latitudes, no one waits to see what a line squall might do. Within minutes, boats gathered in their human cargoes, anchors rattled inboard, and the loose curve became a swift arrow, flying to the safety of inside waters.

You think you have a little time, but you don't—not here. In these great expanses of relatively shallow waters, seas build up with frightening rapidity. All the boats were taking on green water, for suddenly the wind was a howling, screeching demon, roaring through rigging and nets, snarling and whining in its frenzy to destroy. Icy rain drove needles horizontally onto our sunburnt bodies; we were miserable, numbed and shaking with cold.

Everybody'd make it, we told each other, but as we approached the mouth of Bayou LaLoutre, we saw that, unhappily, everyone



hadn't. One craft's engine was gone and the vicious combination of sea and wind had slammed her into ragged sheet-steel pilings to the port side of the channel. She lay there taking a brutal beating, her strakes splintering, water rushing through her gaping seams. We tried to come about—a futile gesture, for our draft was far too deep. Closer, we'd have shared her fate: aground, helpless and methodically ravaged. As we jockeyed for a holding position, three smaller, shallow-draft boats made their way to the victim, threw her lines and, with heart-breaking slowness, began to tug her away from the murderous pilings. Secured to her rescuers, she came off, low and sluggish in the water, but with her guts and her crew still viable. We cheered. And then, the

mighty 5-foot 7-inch Cajun commanding our boat threw back his head and roared his unprintable defiance to the elements.

Late that night I lay musing on the day. I had been very much *there*: keenly conscious of rivulets of salty water drying on my skin, grateful for the bite and tang of iced beer in my throat, stuffing on splendid food. Yet, in this most earthy situation, there was, for me, a curious, unearthly quality—as if I had watched some far-off pagentry, participated in some ancient rite.

What it was, really, was just a part of America: a bunch of sturdy Cajuns celebrating their fierce love of their lands and their waters—reaffirming their own indomitable spirit of independence. □



**I**F IT WEREN'T for honeybees there would be no honey, of course, nor any beeswax, which is wonderful to chew on and from which the wax for the finest of candles comes. But the really important value of bees is the job they do carrying pollen from one bloom to another, pollinating apples, peaches, pears and providing us with fruits that we otherwise couldn't have.

Let's talk about the honey itself. Honey begins as sucrose sugar water gathered by foraging honeybees from deep within the nectaries of flowers. However, the thin watery nectar hardly resembles the thick honey that we spoon from the jar. Returning to the hive with her honey sac distended with nectar, the field bee passes the load to an attendant bee that begins the fanning and distillation that will

lower the moisture content of the raw nectar. This will preserve its freshness in the comb. The "nectar ripening" bees also add their own enzymes which initiate chemical changes in the sugar of the nectar, making the resulting honey a natural sweetener. Ripened honey then is sealed in the cells of the wax honeycomb until it is needed by the bees during seasons when there is little or nothing to be gathered. Being provident beyond their own needs, honeybees will, under favorable circumstances, store a surplus. This is the keeper's harvest.

The size of the honey harvest as well as the flavor, color, and other characteristics of a particular honey is determined in large part by the plants from which the bee gathers nectar. Brilliant, highly colored flowers are attractive to the nectar

*As varied in flavor,  
texture and color as the flowers  
it comes from*

# HONEY



**story and photos**

**by Larry Goltz**



seeker, but no more so, evidently, than an agreeable scent and a concentrated sugar-rich nectar. The color of honey may vary from light as water to purple-black—the latter gathered, oddly, from nearly snow-white fields of buckwheat.

Preferences for various flavors of honeys are highly subjective, depending on individual taste. And the flavors are very difficult to describe. Sourwood, a tree growing in the Alleghenies and the Blue Ridge Mountains, yields a spicy, slightly aromatic honey from the numerous small white urn-shaped flowers hanging in clusters at the end of the branches. It is a honey likely to be sought—particularly in the comb—by a connoisseur of fine foods.

#### **Sourwood honey often a mix**

However, sourwood honey is seldom found on the market outside the region in which it is gathered. What may be sold as pure sourwood honey often is a mixture of sourwood with honey from the tulip tree, a stately tree from the same area, but which yields a red-amber honey considerably less exotic but nevertheless captivating to those who prefer their honeys with a bit of the wilderness bite.

No less popular for its comparative abundance is honey from the clovers. Long the standard of comparison for other honeys, the light-amber, mild clover honeys have only recently had to concede their dominant position to the darker



honeys with varied but more definite flavors. Most clover honey is produced in the Midwest where it is quite popular. Outside the Midwest, however, many regard clover honey as insipid and too sweet.

In the East, sumac, a shrubby tree, produces honey with a heavy body of golden color and with a flavor that charms those who have developed a taste for it. Buckwheat honey is for those whose tastes run to the stronger flavors.

Paradoxically, the nearly water-white honey from the handsome red-purple flowers of the fireweed is sweet and mild. The basswood, a tree of utilitarian value, yields from its greenish blossoms a delightful mild honey that forms a superb blend with clover. Most likely the two honeys are produced in the same vicinity, allowing bees from the same apiary to produce a blend of basswood and clover.

Common milkweed, a perennial weed growing freely on uncultivated land, yields an excellent honey with a particularly delicate bouquet.

Some honeys are not preferred for table use, not because of questionable purity, but because of a tendency on the part of certain plant nectars to impart a slight bitterness or other mildly disagreeable taste to the honey. This, however, does not impair a honey's suitability for baking, where honey adds valuable keeping and flavoring qualities to breads, pastries, and preserved foods.

Much has been written and controversy abounds about the medicinal qualities of honey. Raw honeys contain pollens which, when consumed with the honey, help to build immunity to those particular pollen allergens. Sensitivity to pollens is usually specific, and to build immunity it is essential to use a locally produced honey.

### **Honey comes in several forms**

Honey is available in several forms. For the fundamentalists who like their honey just as the bees make it, there are whole comb sections, either in the small boxes of wood or plastic or made into attractive packs of small cuts of comb surrounded by liquid honey. Either way, you get it straight from the beehive—wax “cappings” and all. Most honey sold in grocery stores or at honey stands is liquid or extracted honey. In the majority of instances the honey has been carefully processed with low heat, strained, and settled so that a sparkling liquid shows resplendent through the clear glass jars. Heating the honey prevents early granulation, and if honey does become crystallized in the jar, placing the jar in a pan of warm water will turn the honey once again to liquid. The flavor will not be impaired.

Very early in recorded history, during the days of classical Greece, honey was called “the nectar of the gods.” There is no reason why we shouldn't call it the same. □





# WELCOME SUMMER

*A time left over  
from the Garden of Eden*

story and photos  
by Joe Kraus

WHEN WE were young I remember that the greatest time of all was when summer came to our town. We never knew what particular day it would arrive or the exact moment it was upon us. We just knew that when we had those good feelings, when we started having fun again, when kids would line up barefoot at our front door, asking if we could come out and play, summer had arrived.

When we left home in the morning, and until we came home at night, the look on our faces was that of bewilderment, of wondering what in the world we were doing. There was seldom a battle plan. We just got up in the morning, got out of as many chores around the house as possible and then began our day. Most of the time we smelled of



the green grass of a meadow, the dust of a baseball diamond and, off and on, even the goodbye-lick of our mongrel dog. Soap? It wasn't spoken of much.

For summer was what it was all about—the fun, the memories, the storytelling. Then, you could sit down and not be concerned about the geography lesson or the truant officer. In summer you could shun both your shoes and shirt, stash the galoshes on the top shelf of a closet and go out into the world to develop the skills of a pack rat and the courage of a badger.

And then if we weren't running, jumping or climbing, we were burying ourselves in tall grass and secretly dreaming of space ships, girlfriends and itty-bitty spring lizards.

In summer there was little of the open country that ever went to waste. There were fields of clover for picking and making wishes, and blowing the white fluffy parachutes from dandelions. There were hill-sides for rolling, for jumping, for arm wrestling with your friends.

Open meadows were fun to run in, to hide in and even to steal a quick kiss from your girlfriend, but only when nobody else was around. Trees, however, were the most fun of all. For you could not only climb them, but hang by your feet on a limb and see the world upside down. And there was the annual construction of the treehouse with "girls keep out" signs and trapdoors.

Long hikes were fun, too. And I

remember those winding trails, the huffs and puffs, the two canteens clanging on the side of your belt. The tops of those hills (more like mountains then) were challenges indeed. And then, at trail's-end, we'd sit there a moment, look down over the lake, examining the blue waters, then look up to the tops of the trees and watch them sway in the breeze. And we'd see a flock of birds taking their time to cross the sky. Nobody seemed in a hurry.

Nothing, however, ever came as close to a true partnership with summer as did the creek. To most of us the creek and its environs were paradise, not much different from what may have been included in the Garden of Eden. Some claim that there was a little bit of the garden still there, left over from an earlier spree of miracle-making.

Here in this creek were many of the memories of summer. For here were the fishing derbies, the skinny dippin', the daily exercises of finding crawdads under large slippery rocks. Here were the rope swings that led to a cool refreshing dip in the water. And here were those patches of cattails that were picked and turned into Indian torches. The sole purpose of the creek, it seemed, was the establishment of fun.

Summer, however, was not just filled with running and jumping, standing on your head or making faces at your friends. There was a certain romance to it all as well. And, more likely than not, a fellow





took his first date of the summer to the corner drugstore to buy some stick candy.

The braver boys went even further by treating their dates to ice cream sodas at the fountain. And then later, they would show off a bit by braving a lemon sour or downing a suicide-special in one gulp.

In all, summer became a very special friend, not soon forgotten. We realized it most, I guess, at night, when the dishes were briefly stacked in the drain and the family had time to reflect on the day's activities. But even then we didn't want to give it up. For long after the drapes were pulled and doors were closed, we would stay and watch for the first stars, the night sounds of a cricket or bullfrog.

These were the experiences of a lifetime—courtesy of summer. □





# Along Came a SPIDER

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*There really wasn't anything for  
Miss Muffet to be afraid of*

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by J. Norman McKenzie  
illustrations by Richard A. Young

SAY "SPIDER" and some people instinctively cringe.

That's the unhappy lot of this bashful creature, although in any confrontation with humans he would rather switch than bite. Thus, there really was no need for Miss Muffet to be so frightened when that spider sat down beside her because, despite his four sets of eyes, she was little more than a big blur. If the truth be known, he was probably more scared than Miss Muffet.

And yet, each spring and autumn when countless house-dwelling spiders emerge from momma spider's egg sac to scamper along window sills or perform acrobatics from lamps or chandeliers, hanging by a silken thread, the phones in community health departments

jangle. Anxious housewives all want an answer to the same question: "My house is crawling with spiders—what shall I do?"

The answer usually is "Do nothing; just pretend you never saw them and they'll go away."

Undoubtedly, many housewives dismiss such advice as bureaucratic indifference. Yet, sure enough, in a day or two the little spiders disappear.

Although many of the 2,500 species of American spiders (out of an estimated 30,000 species worldwide) rarely stray more than a few yards from their birthplace, some have a nomadic instinct. They hitch rides in cars or campers, sharing vacation trips and often staying on, while other spiders replace them for the return trip.



Some species prefer air travel. These are the “ballooning” or “flying” spiders who seek adventure in the sky. One of the delights of spider watchers is catching a glimpse of this spectacle.

Fresh from the egg sac, the spiderlings climb to the top of a tall reed or sapling. Then, feeling the tug of infinity, they spread their tiny legs (all eight of them) and flash orders to their rear-mounted “spinning wheels” to launch a gossamer surf board. A gust of wind and off they go, riding their silken vehicles into the sky, sometimes for a few yards, often for hundreds of miles. Thus have they populated virtually every corner of the globe.

One naturalist told the story of the flying spiders to a friend with an aversion to “anything that creeps or crawls.” His friend said, “That’s all very cute, but what about the black widow?”

Ah, yes, the black widow. To begin with, few people have ever seen a black widow spider, much less been bitten by one. And this despite the fact that this species—whose bite is painful but not all that dangerous—is found in all 50 states and parts of Canada. An official at Boston’s Museum of Science states that “the black widow is so secretive and easily frightened that it almost never shows itself.”

#### **Bite rarely troublesome**

While it is true that virtually all spiders have a venomous bite, that bite is usually reserved for their prey. Except for a few species—notably the black widow and the brown recluse spider—the bite is rarely more troublesome to a human than that of a mosquito.

An official at the Worcester Science Center in Massachusetts has called spiders “a much-maligned form of life. They don’t at all deserve the bad name they have been given.” A prime example is the tarantula, largest of spiders and a peaceful fellow whose bite is harmless to humans.

But even those who are squeamish will concede that one of the marvels in nature is a full-blown spider web, the kind you sometimes



see outside your door on a clear summer morning, its dew-laden laciness catching the glint of sunshine like so many tiny diamonds. Naturalists agree that the geometric intricacies of some spider webs rival anything Archimedes or Euclid ever dreamed of, let alone ever drew.

There are almost as many kinds of spider webs as there are legends about spiders. Some spiders live in their webs; others keep them for their love affairs; still others weave them solely to snare prey.

The strength of spider silk boggles the mind. Its tensile strength (stretchableness) surpasses even steel's. It can be so fine that it can be seen only with a microscope, or it can be "braided" with all six of the spider's spinnerets (those rear-mounted spinning wheels) combining to produce that thicker strand we see holding the web to a bush or beam. The marvel of it all is that spiders have up to 600 silk-producing glands within their little bodies and they can turn out their gossamer wonder in an endless skein of unerring quality.

Over the centuries, all efforts to harness spider silk for man's textile industry have failed, yet it has served in curious ways—as cross hairs in World War II bomb sights, range finders, and surveying transits and as protection for delicate optical instruments. (Platinum filament has now largely replaced it for these uses.)

But the miracle of the spider web

still fascinates anyone who is fortunate enough to be a sidewalk superintendent at a "construction site." A spider will spend days weaving an intricate web only to have some human thoughtlessly demolish it. Undismayed, the little creature will start all over again.

Man's and the spider's worlds have long been woven together. In some primitive societies, spiders were venerated for their magical powers. In others they were banished as evil.

Certain European farmers still cling to the idea that spider webs festooning bar rafters protect cattle from disease. (This may well be true; spiders eat lots of disease-carrying insects.)

### Navajos have charming legend

Navajo Indians have a charming legend that tells how the Spider Woman, a goddess who dwelt in a burrow, taught an Indian maiden the art of weaving. Part of the bargain was that thereafter the Navajos must leave a tiny hole in everything they wove so that the Spider Woman could come and go at will. To this day you will find that hole in every Navajo blanket or basket. Often cleverly concealed so buyers won't think the goods defective, it is always there.

If it isn't, you've bought yourself a replica, probably from Hong Kong or Taiwan. The Spider Woman wouldn't like that—and neither would the Navajos. □



# Rent an Outing

*story and photos by Peggy Payne*

**T**RACEY ARRINGTON spends about 12 hours a week at team swimming practice. At 13, she is also captain of a school basketball team. And she has had some gymnastic training. But, she never tried white-water rafting.

Neither had her father, Joel Arrington, a former all-American

college football player, or her brother Adam, also a competitive swimmer.

So they took a guide—who packed the lunch, who knew the Nantahala River, who handed out the paddles and admonitions—and they made a day of it, tackling eight miles of knee-numbing water,





white and green, through a wooded gorge in the North Carolina mountains. They caught on fast to the rhythms of riding the river and, with the guide's precautions, the dangers were few.

The Arringtons had bought tickets for this adventure. It's possible to do that across the country for a variety of kinds of woods and water sports. There are outdoor centers and guiding and outfitting services that will allow you to try a new activity without heavy investment in specialized equipment and without as much risk.

You can go canoeing, biking, hik-

ing, rafting or riding—with someone else doing a lot of the packing and planning. The kinds of activities and the services included vary. Some firms provide guides if you want them. Some firms will outfit you and send you off on your own. There are also differences in the number of people required for expeditions.

Canoe Outpost has four locations in Florida. The base camp is at Arcadia, with downstream canoe trips on 100 miles of the tropical Peace River. There are guided group trips on specified dates at \$22.50 per person per day. The



maximum number of people is 11. You can come alone or with friends.

One four-day trip begins in the Okefenokee Swamp. Three days are spent on the Suwannee River, ending at Fargo, Georgia. A four-day Everglades trip goes out of Everglades City in the "10,000 island" area.

Canoe Outpost provides transportation for people who own canoes. Or the company will outfit you with canoes, tents, sleeping bags—everything but personal items and food—for a trip.

The waterways that Western Adventure Safaris travels are walled with tall sandstone. This guide service is based in Grand Junction, Colorado.

The Westwater Rapids trip puts rafts into the Colorado River. This is white water and canyon country.

It's a two-day and two-night trip at \$99.95 per person.

The Desolation Gray Canyon raft trip is on the Green River in Utah and covers some of the state's most remote regions. It is for five days and five nights. The cost per person is \$189.95 double occupancy.

### **"Wild food" excursions**

Shenandoah River Outfitters at Luray, Virginia, offers hiking and horseback riding as well as float trips. There are "wild food" excursions that combine canoeing with living off the land. You can be outfitted there for a canoe trip with a dry-pack menu at \$25.00 per person per day. Canoe trips are from two hours to 10 days. Hikers can follow the Shenandoah Valley or head into the mountains. Overnight trail rides with complete



outfitting, food and guide are available here.

River Trips Unlimited out of Medford, Oregon, offers four-day summer fly-fishing trips. Nights are in comfortable rustic lodges along the Wild River section of the Rogue River. Trips are for eight or more, but smaller groups often are combined.

There is also one-to-four-day winter-steelhead or spring-chinook salmon fishing from drift or power boats. A drift boat is a hard-shell

boat that looks a bit like a dory and is navigated by oars. One-day salmon and steelhead fishing on Oregon and California coastal streams is available. Scenic white-water trips are three to four days in rubber rafts or drift boats.

The chief guide at Nantahala Outdoor Center at Wesser, North Carolina, was a canoeing double for the movie *Deliverance*. This center offers, among others, trips down the Chattooga, where the movie was filmed. "Rafters must



be in good health and unafraid of the water," the center requires. There are falls of up to six feet, with a total drop of 275 feet in the final six miles.

Nantahala trips are scheduled daily at 10 a.m. and 2 p.m.; they last three hours and cost \$10 per person. Guide service is available for canoe and kayak trips on several rivers in the Great Smoky Mountains.

The center is on the Appalachian Trail. Backpackers sometimes leave the trail there for a meal, a shower or a night.

Tracey Arrington's family was in one of five rafts on a trip from Nantahala Outdoor Center. The river there is a clean shallow slope of stream, falling about 30 feet per mile.

Trucks took the paddlers to the starting point, and the day started with a quick lesson in safety and technique. The first set of rapids was an initiation that had everyone in the raft shouting commands and paddling wildly. But then the water was smooth again, and the rafters were suddenly veterans, eager for more turbulence.

Not all the drenching of that day came from the river. It started to rain by mid-morning, though a little more water made no difference on the river. A guide in a green kayak, a water strider holding steady on the streamtop, watched the rafts slip past.

Lunch was on a rock island,

under a shelter of rubber rafts. As the rain continued, rafts were leaned against each other to form a huge card castle, shored up here and there with paddles. And lunch was prepared from the contents of waterproof bags carrying cheese, bread, bologna, pepperoni, ham, tomatoes, knives, napkins.

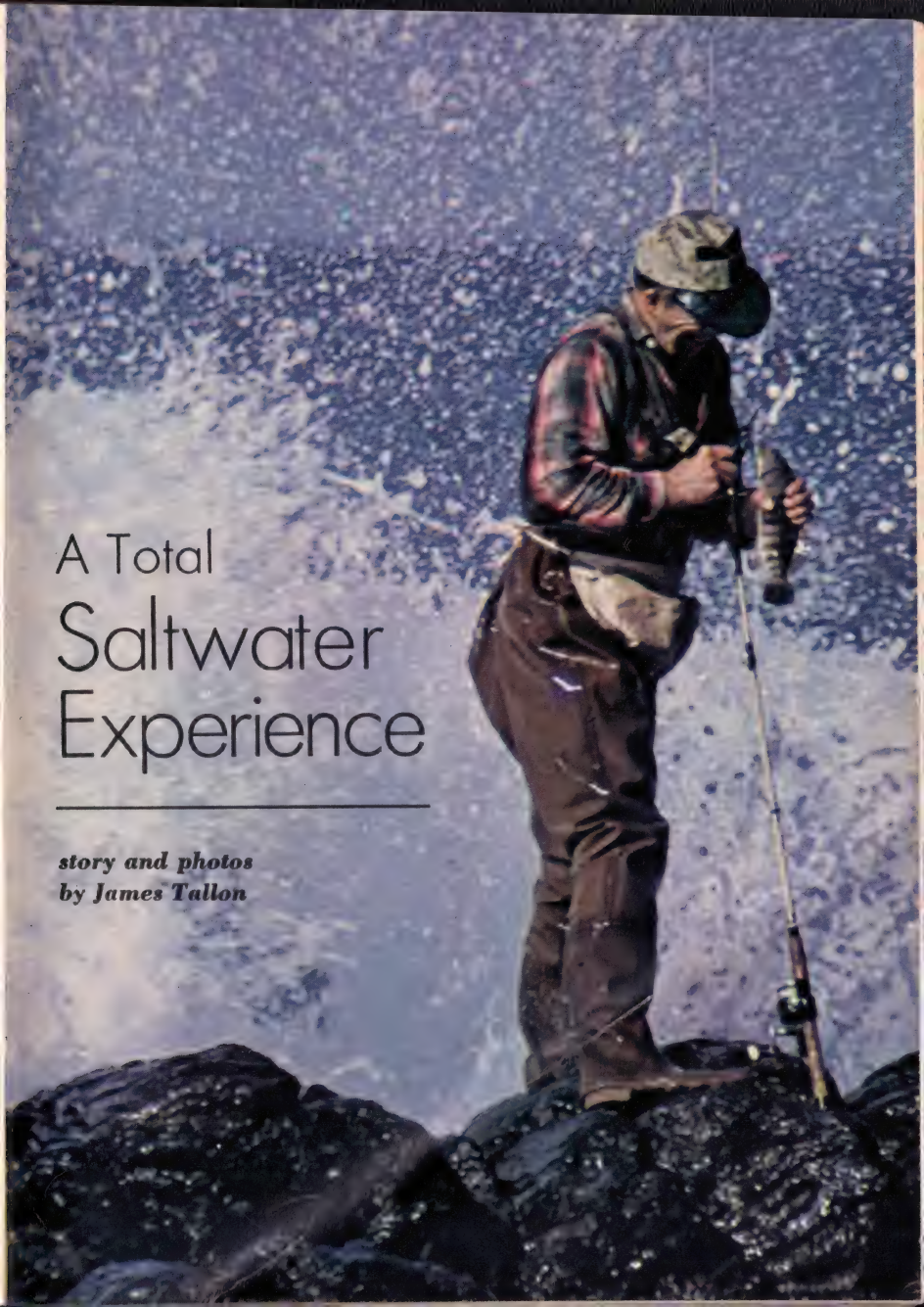
### **Day's roughest water**

The stretch of river ended with the day's roughest water. For the final set of rapids, paddlers were required to land and walk to the top of a hill to survey the prospects and plan their strategy. They looked down just as another raft coming over capsized, throwing four people into the foam. Several on the hill loudly admitted reservations about getting back into the rafts.

But they did. The ride started with a smooth rush of green between two rocks. Then the rafts hit churning water, wobbled and bent. They were over—and all the passengers but one were still in. He surfaced swimming, and a guide sailed a rope across to him from a rock at the foot of the small waterfall. Everybody was safe.

Tracey liked it, thought it was "exciting," but she hasn't tried it again. She's not planning heavy involvement in any new sports now. But she and others have had a chance to know what it's like to slide fast down a cold river—without storing the raft until next time. □





# A Total Saltwater Experience

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*story and photos  
by James Tallon*

I PROPPED both elbows on the bar and sipped a Margarita. San Diego Harbor. It was 1:30 a.m. The tavern's musty decor was a collage of old masts, oars, nets, a turtle shell and other jetsam, and it was jammed with people. The ventilators fought a losing battle trying to pull off the cigarette, cigar and pipe smoke. The fuzzy human images, I thought, were not unlike Old Long John Silver and the boys. Sure the cutlasses, black-powder pistols, stocking caps and eye patches were missing, but this was a seafaring lot if ever I had been to the movies. And for all I knew, a few of them could have been pirates; I had heard stories about pirates plying San Diego Harbor in small boats and being light-fingered with other people's floating property. The talk was fishing and girls, remarkably in that order.

A door swung open and another "salt" squeezed into the tavern. "Say, mate," he told me, "we'll be getting under way in 15 minutes."

We put out to sea in a Navy-gray 50-footer that looked like a reject from the War of 1812. I picked a top bunk and looked through the porthole. The moon smiled once then sank into the sea. At daybreak, a deckhand tossed a skirted jig over the stern and paid out 40-pound monofilament off a short boat rod with a 4/0 reel. Then he climbed a ladder to chat with the skipper in the wheelhouse, and WHAMO, an albacore slammed

the lure with all the finesse of Ringo Starr on the downbeat.

An old guy with a cap that looked partially digested grabbed the rod and landed the biggest albacore of the day, a 26-pounder. The deckhand rained anchovies to big blue shapes that blurred in an underwater, and sometimes fatal, feast. I frantically baited with a lively anchovy and tossed it over the side. A savage torpedo inhaled it. Line screamed from my reel, and, being younger then, I screamed, "Ya-hoo! This is what it's all about!"

Today I say, "Is it really?"

### Albacore first catch

My albacore weighed in at 24 pounds. I farmed out a few but landed two more that weighed about 20 pounds each. We chugged back to San Diego in late afternoon and I iced down my fish for the 380-mile drive back to Phoenix. It had been an experience, a total salt-water experience. At the time, I related solely to catching the albacore, but in reality it was the whole ball of wax—everything that happened from the time I set foot on the dock at San Diego to showing off my fish at home.

Perhaps you can compare a total experience with measles. It's open to everybody, but some people seem immune to it. I'm sure a guy can have a total experience watching the Cincinnati Reds battle the Dodgers on the boob-tube. But spectator sports never work for me;



I've got to participate. And leaving sex out of it, participation means saltwater fishing, first. Catching fish is important, though, only as the punch-line is important to a joke. Tell the punch-line alone and you will not get a laugh. It takes the whole joke.

My total saltwater experience begins the moment we make definite

the night, listening to the music of surf and seabreeze. I put a GI blanket in one of those plastic and metal lawn chairs to keep the February chill off my back, and I straddled a fire about the size of a saucer. The fire was more for company than heat. And I sipped a bottle of Corona—a Mexican beer.

The rocks at this campsite have



plans for a saltwater fishing trip. I can take great joy in just the anticipation: perking a pot of coffee, jotting down menus and reminders, cleaning out the camper, and re-organizing my tackle box.

After one hard but superb day of surf fishing, everyone had turned in early that night. I always like to have a few minutes of solitude before going to sleep, so I hung onto

a nasty habit of exploding under heat and a loud POP put a red, ironwood coal on the left leg of my new Levis. It smoldered, growing into a red-rimmed Cyclops' eye without a pupil. Finally, it occurred to me that it was not going to go out by itself and that sooner or later, it would burn my leg. So I poured a little Corona on it and knowing the alcohol content of



Mexican beer, I expected to see a flash. But nothing. The hole no longer glowed, but my leg was quite cold now with beer running down it and wind blowing through the hole. I attribute the incident to being totally relaxed and semi-hypnotized by the pleasantness of the night, literally making the most of a saltwater experience.

Besides good food and drink, being around good-humored people and having lots of fish action, a total saltwater experience includes knowing when to relax and look

about at the land and sea and the creatures that live on and in them. Not everyone knows the make-up of a total saltwater experience.

For example, George Wyer and I were sitting topside on the *H & M 80*, riding at anchor off the San Benitos Islands, about 200 miles south of San Diego. The Mexican sun had turned me into a puddle of contentment and George and I were sipping coffee like a couple of millionaires with nothing else to do. In contrast, on the deck below fishermen and fisherwomen were a tangle



of rods and lines, arms, legs and voices as they took advantage of a frenzied yellowtail bite.

Even though George seemed as relaxed as I was, he kept an eye on some seals frolicking off the starboard side. Seals represent a threat to fishing because they will spook off such species as yellowtails. Like all charterboat skippers who want to keep their jobs, George is obligated to see that his passengers catch fish, preferably lots of them. So occasionally, he lobbed a seal bomb over the side. The bombs go off underwater with a blinding light that frightens the seals but does not harm them.

Our conversation, interspersed with that of the excited people below, went basically like this:

"Beautiful day," said George,

tossing another seal bomb.

"Hot rail! Get outta my way!" shouted a diehard being dragged along the rail by a big yellowtail.

"Great day," I agreed.

"I gotta 'nother hook-up!" screamed a woman who already had 20 big yellowtails tagged and stowed in the hold.

"We're having steak and lobster for dinner again," George went on. "I'm so tired of steak and lobster I'd trade mine for a hamburger."

"George," I said, "why don't you stop throwing seal bombs and give your passengers a rest?"

#### **George remained steadfast**

George smiled but had no intention of letting the seals run off the yellowtails. His passengers might not get another bite this good.

When we docked in San Diego a few days later, two California fisheries biologists checked our catch. One said to me, "You didn't have much luck," but his look said that perhaps I wasn't a very good fisherman, considering that the next smallest catch to mine was 10 fish; I had released all of my fish but three that I wanted to can.

"I'm not just after fish," I grinned. "I'm after the total experience."

He grinned back, like maybe I was a candidate for the psychiatrist's couch.

Maybe I am. But I can't believe that one who reaches for the total experience will wind up there. □



# All-Day Singing and Dinner on the Ground

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by Edward A. Robeson

illustrations by Max Altekruze

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FROM A RADIUS of a hundred miles or more they come in sedans, station wagons, vans, campers and pickup trucks to converge on little country churches tucked away in hidden valleys or perched on isolated hillsides in the Bible Belt of the South.

Their destinations on any given Sunday in spring, summer or fall may be such places as Ephesus Church near Fairfax, Alabama, or Emmaus Primitive Baptist Church four miles south of Carrollton, Georgia, or Second Creek Church six miles southeast of Loretto, Tennessee. They are the Fa-Sol-La folks and the event that brings them together is another opportunity to sing songs of the Sacred Harp—almost-lost primitive songs that had their origins in the Colonies before the Revolutionary War. These songs at first were handed down by rote

from generation to generation and later were carried by itinerant singing teachers to the outlying frontiers of the developing nation. Some 750 days of such gatherings are scheduled throughout the rural South for the 1977 Sacred Harp singing season, and some will attract more than 1,000 persons. Tourists driving through the area may seek out the singings and are welcome to attend. There is no admission fee.

The tie that binds these musical enthusiasts together is an oblong 573-page volume of sacred songs, hymns, odes and anthems published by the Sacred Harp Publishing Company, Inc., of Cullman, Alabama. The volume uses a "shaped-note" system of musical notation devised in 1799 by two upstate New York singing-school teachers named William Little and William Smith. They developed the system to make note-reading easier to teach.

The first edition of the "Sacred Harp" was published in 1844, and



although it was printed in Philadelphia, it was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin White and Joel King of Hamilton, Georgia. The music has a tenacious hold on its adherents, but the singings are almost exclusively a Southern phenomenon.

Essentially, colonial America was musically illiterate. Music was barely tolerated in the churches of the Colonies because the sermon was the focal point of worship, and anything that competed with the sermon was frowned upon. But colonists remembered the tunes of their homelands and the urge to sing was still with them. With no music being published in the Colonies, the stage was set for the entry of the

itinerant singing teacher who took up subscriptions and organized singing classes in the various communities. The classes, usually held in the hall of a tavern, were conducted in late summer after crops had been laid by and before harvest. Then farmers could take the time to attend.

Although the singing classes were held in a secular setting, the pious colonists insisted that the lyrics they used be suitable for singing in church. Thus a religious motif became the predominant characteristic of Colonial American music. However, even though the words are pious, some of the tunes are as bouncy as a hornpipe—perhaps on the theory that the music was too



good to be enjoyed by sinners alone.

The early singing teachers were quite competitive and a number of them devised unusual notation systems as aids to learning to read music. Some used letters placed on the musical staff, others used numbers, there were several sets of symbols, and one even devised a system that used pictures of animals to represent the different notes of the scale. A few used the round-note system that was employed in Europe and is in general use throughout the world today.

With the Revolution came an antipathy toward anything British, and Colonial composers began to turn out their own songs. Some were only thinly disguised variants on traditional themes with new lyrics. Since there were no copyright problems in those days, "borrowing" was epidemic.

Following the Revolution, so-called "better music" began to enter the Eastern seaboard states from Europe, and as it came in, the rather primitive music of the Colonists was displaced. With this displacement, the singing teachers were pushed westward and southward to the expanding frontiers of the developing country. The "better music" moved west to such cities as Cincinnati and St. Louis faster than it moved down the Appalachian chain. So by the latter part of the 19th century, the singing teachers found that the only section left where their ser-

vices were in demand was the southern Bible Belt, especially the mountainous southern Appalachian region. It was there that they established a foothold, and it is only there that the music they brought with them continues to flourish.

The Sacred Harp gatherings scheduled this year will follow a time-honored traditional format. The programs will open with a short prayer at 9 a.m. and the singers will take their seats on benches arranged to form a hollow square, facing in toward the leader who stands in the middle of the square.

### **Basses on the right**

Basses will be seated to the leader's right, altos at his back, tenors in front and sopranos (or "tribbles," as they are called) on his left. A representative of the host church will invite a visitor to act as leader, and the leader will choose two songs, calling them out by name and page number—"Old Hundred," page 49, or "Sweet Canaan," page 87, for instance. Then he sounds the pitch, the singers hum the first note of their parts, the leader sets the beat in looping, sweeping gestures, and the singers launch forth to sing the notes by name before singing the poetry or words of the song.

The notation system is a bit strange in that it consists of only four note names: Fa, Sol, La, and Mi. Fa is represented by a right triangle, Sol is round, La is square



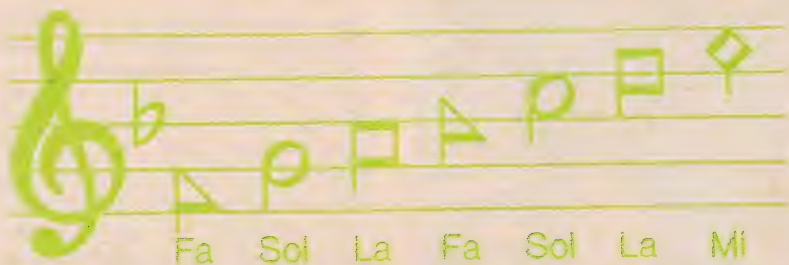


and Mi is diamond-shaped. Much of the music is written in a gapped style—that is, the fourth and seventh tones of the scale are dropped, and the result is an open-toned wailing effect not unlike a bagpipe. Another unusual characteristic is that the melody is written in the tenor part and is sung by both men and women, while the “tribble” part is a tenor-type harmony also for men and women. Songs are sung without instrumental accompaniment.

There is a seven-note system employing shaped notes widely used in the South called the Do, Re, Mi system, and its sequence for a full octave is Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Ti, Do. Most of the Sacred Harp singers can sing either system, but they prefer the original four-note system and use it exclusively at their gatherings.

The leadership honor is freely shared among the singers. Each leader chooses two songs and there's a good deal of friendly banter between members of the choir and the leader. Usually the leader takes his responsibility seriously and may admonish basses: “Y'all hold that La for the full count.” To which a bass may respond, “I never really did get ahold of it to begin with.”

There is an easy, relaxed atmosphere about Sacred Harp gatherings with people arriving up to an hour or so after the opening of the session, and a sort of free-form drifting in and out of the church. Friends and families gather under



The four-note musical notation system devised in 1799 by singing-school teachers William Little and William Smith as an aid to teaching note-reading. The system currently is in use by Sacred Harp singers in the rural South.

church-yard trees or on station-wagon tailgates to reminisce, chat about crops or the weather, exchange recipes or swap tall tales.

### Tunes quite familiar

Many of the tunes sung during the day will be quite familiar to Protestant church-goers from any part of the country, but in most cases the words will be different. "Old Hundred," for instance, will be instantly recognized as "Doxology," and "Coronation" turns out to be "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." There'll be two versions of "Amazing Grace," the familiar one called "New Britain," and a completely different tune called "Jewett." The Jewett version uses the familiar words, but adds a shouting chorus that goes "Shout, Shout for Glory."

At noon there's another short prayer and the singing is recessed. All move out to the church yard for a mammoth community feast. As recently as 40 years ago white

sheets were spread on the ground and bowls and platters of food covered the sheets—thus the reference to "All-Day Singing and Dinner on the Ground." Now most of the churches have concrete picnic tables or in some cases the hosts lay boards across saw-horses to make temporary tables. Now the gathering is referred to as "All Day Singing and Dinner on the Grounds."

The sheeted tables simply groan under the weight of good country food contributed by all who attend. There's ham, fried chicken, barbecued spare ribs, corn on the cob, Southern corn bread (without sugar), deviled eggs, sliced tomatoes, cucumbers, sweet peppers, potato salad, green beans, sweet peas, pies and cakes galore, spiced peaches, fruits, cantaloupes and watermelons. Everyone is welcome to eat what he wants and a woman is highly complimented if a guest comes back for seconds of a dish she has prepared.

Visitors are "included in" on



conversations and made to feel as welcome as invited guests in a Southern home. There'll be questions about "What do you think of our music?" and a show of intelligent interest will bring a visitor an explanation of what it's all about.

About 1 p.m. the singing starts again and usually lasts another three hours. In a strenuous six hours of singing, aching throats will have sung 90 to 100 songs. But nobody minds. It's a Sacred Harp singing and devotees of this almost-lost folk art just can't get enough of it.

Like as not, half the singers will load up the family next Sunday and drive 50 to 100 miles to another Sacred Harp gathering to make their joyful noise again. It's the neighborly thing to do. □

A 220-page directory of Sacred Harp singings with dates and directions to locations is available by writing to Hugh McGraw, executive secretary, Sacred Harp Publishing Company, Inc., Box 185, Bremen, Georgia 30110. The price is \$1.25.

## Old Hundred

O come, loud anthems let us sing. Loud thanks to our Al-might-y King. For we our voice as high should raise. When our sal-va-tion's Rock we praise.

The image shows the musical notation for 'Old Hundred' in the four-note system. It consists of four staves. The top staff is the melody, written in a four-note system (half notes, quarter notes, eighth notes, and sixteenth notes). The other three staves provide harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

## Doxology

Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be-low;

Praise Him a-b-ove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost!

The image shows the musical notation for 'Doxology' in the seven-note shaped-note system. It consists of two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The notes are shaped like triangles to indicate pitch. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Two versions of the same tune. The Sacred Harp version called "Old Hundred" at the top is written in the four-note system of notation. Note that the melody is in the tenor part. Below is a version called "Doxology" that is familiar to Protestants throughout the country. It is written in a seven-note shaped-note system widely used in the South.



*Editor's note: Leading up to the observance of Ford Motor Company's 75th anniversary in June, 1978, FORD TIMES is reprinting each month one story from among the finest we have published. "The Sea and the Wind That Blows," by E. B. White, is the second in our series. It appeared in the issue of June, 1963. Mr. White, author of Charlotte's Web, Stuart Little and many other books, has long been associated with The New Yorker magazine.*



# The Sea and the Wind That Blows

*by E. B. White*

Waking or sleeping, I dream of boats—usually of rather small boats under a slight press of sail. When I think how great a part of my life has been spent dreaming the hours away and how much of this total dream life has concerned small craft, I wonder about the state of my health, for I am told that it is not a good sign to be always voyaging into unreality, driven by imaginary breezes.

I have noticed that most men, when they enter a barber shop and must wait their turn, drop into a chair and pick up a magazine. I simply sit down and pick up the thread of my sea



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wandering, which began more than 50 years ago and is not quite ended. There is hardly a waiting room in the East that has not served as my cockpit, whether I was waiting to board a train or to see a dentist. And I am usually still trimming sheets when the train starts or the drill begins to whine.

If a man must be obsessed by something, I suppose a boat is as good as anything, perhaps a bit better than most. A small sailing craft is not only beautiful, it is seductive and full of strange promise and the hint of trouble. If it happens to be an auxiliary cruising boat, it is without question the most compact and ingenious arrangement for living ever devised by the restless mind of man—a home that is stable without being stationary, shaped less like a box than like a fish or a bird or a girl, and in which the homeowner can remove his daily affairs as far from shore as he has the nerve to take them, close-hauled or running free—parlor, bedroom, and bath, suspended and alive.

Men who ache all over for tidiness and compactness in their lives often find relief for their pain in the cabin of a 30-foot sailboat at anchor in a sheltered cove. Here the sprawling panoply of *The Home* is compressed in orderly miniature and liquid delirium, suspended between the bottom of the sea and the top of the sky, ready to move on in the morning by the miracle of canvas and the witchcraft of rope. It is small wonder that men hold boats in the secret place of their mind, almost from cradle to the grave.

Along with my dream of boats has gone the ownership of boats, a long succession of them upon the surface of the sea, many of them makeshift and crank. Since childhood I have managed to have some sort of sailing craft and to raise a sail in fear. Now, in my sixties, I still own a boat, still raise my sail in fear in answer to the summons of the unforgiving sea. Why does the sea attract me



in the way it does? Whence comes this compulsion to hoist a sail, actually or in dream? My first encounter with the sea was a case of hate at first sight. I was taken, at the age of four, to a bathing beach in New Rochelle. Everything about the experience frightened and repelled me: the taste of salt in my mouth, the foul chill of the wooden bathhouse, the littered sand, the stench of the tide flats. I came away hating and fearing the sea. Later, I found that what I had feared and hated, I now feared and loved.

I returned to the sea of necessity, because it would support a boat; and although I knew little of boats, I could not get them out of my thoughts. I became a pelagic boy. The sea became my unspoken challenge: the wind, the tide, the fog, the ledge, the bell, the gull that cried help, the never-ending threat and bluff of weather. Once having permitted the wind to enter the belly of my sail, I was not able to quit the helm; it was as though I had seized hold of a high-tension wire and could not let go.

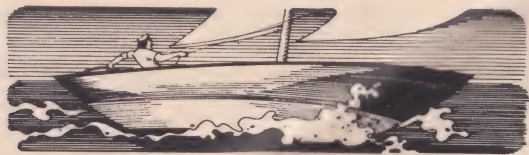
I like to sail alone. The sea was the same as a girl to me—I did not want anyone else along. Lacking instruction, I invented ways of getting things done, and usually ended by doing them in a rather queer fashion, and so did not learn to sail properly, and still cannot sail well, although I have been at it all my life. I was 20 before I discovered that charts existed; all my navigating up to that time was done with the wariness and the ignorance of the early explorers. I was 30 before I learned to hang



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a coiled halyard on its cleat as it should be done. Until then I simply coiled it down on deck and dumped the coil. I was always in trouble and always returned, seeking more trouble. Sailing became a compulsion: there lay the boat, swinging to her mooring, there blew the wind; I had no choice but to go. My earliest boats were so small that when the wind failed, or when I failed, I could switch to manual control—I could paddle or row home. But then I graduated to boats that only the wind was strong enough to move. When I first dropped off my mooring in such a boat, I was an hour getting up the nerve to cast off the pennant. Even now, with a thousand little voyages notched in my belt, I still feel a memorial chill on casting off, as the gulls jeer and the empty mainsail claps.

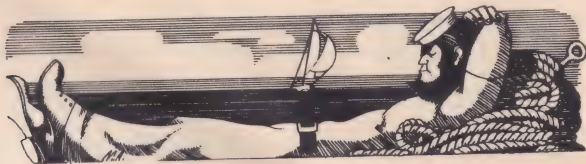
Of late years, I have noticed that my sailing has increasingly become a compulsive activity rather than a source of pleasure. There lies the boat, there blows the morning breeze—it is a point of honor, now, to go. I am like an alcoholic who cannot put his bottle out of his life. With me, I cannot not sail. Yet I know well enough that I have lost touch with the wind and, in fact, do not like the wind any more. It jiggles me up, the wind does, and what I really love are windless days, when all is peace. There is a great question in my mind whether a man who is against wind should longer try to sail a boat. But this is an intellectual response—the old yearning is still in me, belonging to the past, to youth, and so I am torn between past and present, a common disease of later life.



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When does a man quit the sea? How dizzy, how  
bumbling must he be? Does he quit while he's ahead, or wait till  
he makes some major mistake, like falling overboard or being  
flattened by an accidental jibe? This past winter I spent hours  
arguing the question with myself. Finally, deciding that I had  
come to the end of the road, I wrote a note to the boatyard,  
putting my boat up for sale. I said I was "coming off the  
water." But as I typed the sentence, I doubted that I meant a  
word of it.

If no buyer turns up, I know what will happen: I will  
instruct the yard to put her in again—"just till somebody comes  
along." And then there will be the old uneasiness, the old  
uncertainty, as the mild southeast breeze ruffles the cove, a gentle,  
steady, morning breeze, bringing the taint of the distant wet world,  
the smell that takes a man back to the very beginning of time,  
linking him to all that has gone before. There will lie the sloop,  
there will blow the wind, once more I will get under way. And as  
I reach across to the black can off the Point, dodging the trap  
buoys and toggles, the shags gathered on the ledge will note my  
passage. "There goes the old boy again," they will say. "One  
more rounding of his little Horn, one more conquest of his Roaring  
Forties." And with the tiller in my hand, I'll feel again the wind  
imparting life to a boat, will smell again the old menace, the one  
that imparts life to me: the cruel beauty of the salt world, the  
barnacle's tiny knives, the sharp spine of the urchin, the stinger of  
the sun jelly, the claw of the crab. □







## THE BILL MOSS DOME TENT

**B**ILL Moss, the tentmaker of Camden, Maine, renowned inventor of the Pop Tent and designer of the featherweight backpacking tents featured in our May issue last year, has a new product. It is the Dome Tent, designed for as many as six persons, standing a little more than six feet high at the center and with about 80 square feet on the floor.

Its shape is hexagonal—six panels, one of which is a zip-down win-

dow, another a two-way door. It is made of breathable taffeta and urethane-coated fire-retardant rip-stop nylon. Six fiberglass poles support it and it can be free-standing, although staking is available and may be advisable in rough weather. It weighs about 17 pounds and rolls into a package 28 inches long and nine inches in diameter.

Information may be obtained by writing to Tent Works Ltd., Camden, Maine 04843. □

# MINI- RENAISSANCE

in Windsor, Vermont

*by Christopher Davis*  
*paintings by Glenn MacNutt*





**T**HE American Precision Museum in Windsor, Vermont, is housed in an old armory and machine shop, which was declared a national historic landmark in 1968. A waterfall of Mill Brook, once the factory's power source, explodes beneath it, and beyond the stream a tenement of workers' housing, itself historic, looms.

If you admire old machines, they are here: boring mills, scaling machines, early cars, old generators, a

steel plane proudly stamped with scrollwork and red birds, a screw machine of 1868, an engine lathe created in 1849 by a Yankee genius when he was 21, parts hand-forged by him.

The first automatic rifle was made in this building and used in the last months of the Civil War. You are in the birthplace of that paragon of American ingenuity—the system of interchangeable parts—a concept that put the industrial



revolution over the top. The British Enfield was manufactured in Windsor for the Crimean War, and a machine built in 1850 to mill one of the rifle's parts worked for a hundred years and then, in running order and able to make something with a market, came to rest in the museum. The town responsible is something like the machine. It still works, does something useful, and looks good. That may sum up what people are accustomed to call

the spirit of New England.

Windsor is Vermont's Bicentennial capital. (Here in 1777 the state's independent constitution, which guaranteed the vote to males and prohibited slavery, was drawn and signed.) It lies on the Connecticut River across from the New Hampshire town of Cornish, envied by local storekeepers because of its sales taxless condition. The writer J. D. Salinger lives in Cornish and crosses the century-old bridge, the





longest covered bridge in America, to pick up his mail at Windsor's post office.

Artists and celebrities have lived in Windsor for many years. Marie Dressler, the comedienne and film star, ran a farm north of town at the beginning of the century. Asher Benjamin, architect of New England churches and mansions, was a native. And in West Windsor, an exurb of gentlemen's farms, the actor Charles Bronson lives on a



serene mountaintop estate. General Lafayette paid a visit during his 1824-25 American tour. Theodore Roosevelt and other notables were guests of Secretary of State William Evarts at his Little White House here. In 1911, on the way to political doom and no doubt sensing it, T. R. did not descend from his train, though the town had been all but suffocated in bunting for him.

After the Vermont National Bank announced that it meant to buy and raze the Windsor House, an 1838 Greek Revival inn of considerable beauty, and replace it with a drive-in bank, Historic Windsor, Inc., a nonprofit organization devoted to saving the structure, was born. This was in 1971, and the saving and restoring have gone far beyond Windsor House. There was a fixing of attitudes as a

result—some of the native lower-and-middle-income Windsorites on one side; energetic, change-bringing newcomers and the native upper crust on the other. The former are not unwilling to be salvaged; the rescuers are not seriously thwarted. But deliberate change, because people are involved, has always been complicated; and the road is no less bumpy here than in other towns, great and small, where America, victim of its own 19th- and 20th-century industrial blight, is trying to save itself from itself.

### **Young people don't like change**

A waiter in Colonial costume in the Windsor House restaurant says, "It's the young people don't like change." A native, himself young, he likes the town, does not like the urban blight. He believes Windsor needs tourists. "But we don't want them to stay too long." It may account for the fact that an immediate exit from Interstate 91 was successfully opposed with the consequence that there are no local motels. Asked if he approves of moves to help his town, he declares with what one can only interpret as sincerity in a man dressed as an 18th-century pot boy, "Hell, yes! Seal it in plastic."

The town proposed for sealing has real beauty. There is Benjamin's Congregational Church with its austere facade, and a number of Colonial, federal, and Victorian structures are well-maintained. The

properties near Runnemede Lake and Park, and West Windsor's ski area on Mount Ascutney all are attractive or on the way to becoming so. The George Washington Bridge, which links Vermont and New Hampshire in one of the loveliest of America's river valleys, is incomparable. There are also the deserted railroad depot and shabby freight tracks, and slum housing on Jarvis Street that blocks the town from the river, close-packed between two industrial plants. Next to the "compatibly restored" Windsor News Co. on Main Street are Nap's Lunch and J. J. Newberry's gold and crimson sign, familiar as your own shoes and therefore not to be altered.

"I can't see puttin' the trees in," says a druggist of the town's scheme for indenting Main Street's sidewalks and planting lindens. "If we do, it'll cost a bundle to remove the snow. I think they mean well," he says of Historic Windsor, but shakes his head and declares in a parody of the dedicated urban re-developer's outcry, "but, hell, they're just copyin' someone else—makin' every damn town the same from here to Marblehead."

It is felt by some that a lower sales tax would be worth more than the restoration of an architecture proved useful only for its own time. On the other side, government money is available to the restorers of history, and history fetches tourists who bring more money.



Windsor is not Woodstock (15 miles away and filled with the high octane restorative of Rockefeller funds), as Nancy Walker, the publisher of the *Windsor Chronicle* and herself a newcomer, says. "Thank heaven. We're a mill town, a real place. We have a new band, 12-year-olds and up. There's a new family center (1972) on Depot Avenue, an extension service of the University of Vermont—talks on women's health and on on. A new nursery school and kindergarten." She calls it, reluctantly, a miniature renaissance. She also knows that outsiders are never quite accepted. You may have moved to the place in 1900, but your obituary, however fondly, will identify you as a native of the other place, she says. "New Hampshire Man Dies Here." Of the local renaissance it may at length be written: "Well-Meaning Outsiders Aid Windsor."

The country surrounding the town is all calendar Vermont: split-rail fences, red barns, broad clean streams, cemeteries the size of a parlor, and galvanized metal roofs rising steep for shedding snow. It's the kind of country that bids city folk to rest and be thankful. This is self-supporting small farm country. When crops are in, the people make sugar, drive school busses, sell firewood and "crafts," plow snow. Their villages are protected in folds of hills, at least one plain church spire to each, bright figures in a self-respecting solid geometry. At a

crossroads, because this is our own special era and not another, there is also a telephone box, each of its windows methodically smashed. But farther along (coming back into Windsor now) is that farm which Marie Dressler—*Tugboat Annie*—ran.

When Stella Henry of Windsor was a high school girl at the start of the century, she and a few friends got permission of the star to harvest her raspberries in exchange for a bucketful to be delivered to Miss Dressler. Stella went home, changed into a fresh dress, returned in the horse and buggy with Miss Dressler's share of the crop, and, as she had hoped, was admitted to the presence. Miss Dressler was struggling to sew something onto a ball gown and said to the girl, Stella Henry told me, remembering, "I haven't seen raspberries in years. I'm trying to fix this damned dress for a party in Newport."

#### "Miss Dressler cursed"

Stella reported to her mother, "Miss Dressler cursed," and it was not believed.

That was that other world, of course, of which there are few survivors—a world of summer, dirt roads and clear-cut rules, when Windsor was Windsor, as unself-conscious as American towns get, not yet in need of preservation and restoration. But the present town can remind us of the other older place, and it does so with grace. □



# Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS BY NANCY KENNEDY





## THE RED GERANIUM NEW HARMONY, INDIANA

This charming restaurant in the restored town of New Harmony was built in 1814 by Father George Rapp and his followers who were known as Rappites or Harmonists, an industrious group of craftsmen and workers who remained in the community until 1824. Twenty-five of their buildings remain in the historic town today. The restaurant serves lunch and dinner every day except Monday. Reservations necessary. Overnight accommodations available in the adjacent New Harmony Inn. It is on North Street, one block north of State Highway 66 in the center of town.

### FILET WELLINGTON

*3 pounds center-cut beef filet*

*2 tablespoons melted butter  
¼ pound mushrooms, chopped fine  
1½ tablespoons butter  
½ pound ground cooked ham  
1 ounce sherry  
1 tablespoon tomato paste  
1 egg yolk  
2 tablespoons water  
1 flaky pie crust*

Brush filet with butter. Brown well on all sides in a hot oven for 10-15 minutes. Sauté mushrooms and ham together in butter, add sherry and tomato paste. Mix well. Place beef filet in center of rolled-out, chilled pie crust. Top beef filet with ham and mushroom mixture. Wrap beef filet with pastry. Seal. Combine egg yolk and water and brush pastry. Bake 20 minutes at 425° for medium. Slice and serve with Béarnaise or Bordelaise sauce. Serves 6.

## THE RIVER CRAB ST. CLAIR, MICHIGAN

Diners arrive by boat and car at this lively and colorful riverside establishment on the St. Clair River. The restaurant is owned by Chuck Muer. Lunch and dinner served daily; overnight accommodations; reservations advisable. It is two miles north of the city of St. Clair on the River Road.

### CHARLEY'S CHOWDER

In a large soup pot sauté 3 crushed cloves of garlic in 4 tablespoons of olive oil until golden brown, taking care not to burn. Remove garlic. Add 1 finely chopped onion and sauté for two minutes. Add a pinch each of basil, oregano and thyme

and cook for another minute. Add 3 stalks of celery finely chopped and cook until translucent. Add 6 ounces stewed tomatoes, chopped very fine, and cook for about 20-25 minutes, stirring to prevent sticking. Add 3 quarts of water, 1 pound boneless fish (pollack or turbot) and 2 ounces clam base and cook for an additional 15 minutes, uncovered at full heat. (If clam base is not available substitute 3 quarts clam juice and omit water.) Salt to taste, cover the pot and cook at low heat for another 20 minutes. Stir often by whipping to break up the fish and blend the flavors. Add freshly chopped parsley. Makes 8-10 generous servings.





painting by Bruce Bond

### THE TIDEWATER INN EASTON, MARYLAND

Noted for its Southern hospitality and its charm, this Eastern Shore hostelry has complete vacation facilities. Breakfast, lunch and dinner are served daily; reservations necessary for meals and overnight accommodations. It is about 75 miles east of the District of Columbia. From U.S. 50 turn right on Dover street and proceed a half mile to Harrison street in the center of Easton. The restaurant is on the corner of Dover and Harrison streets. Anton J. Hoevenaars is the manager.

#### CRAB IMPERIAL

Mix together 4 tablespoons mayonnaise,  $\frac{3}{4}$  teaspoon Worcestershire sauce,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, dash of Tabasco and a pinch each of thyme, oregano, dry mustard and Ac'cent. Mix well and stir in an egg, then

blend well with 1 pound crab meat. Coat a casserole lightly with mayonnaise and fill with crab mixture. Spread a thin layer of mayonnaise over the top and sprinkle with paprika and parsley. Bake at 350° for 35-45 minutes. Serves 4.

#### ESCALLOPED OYSTERS

*1 quart oysters*

*3 cups crushed saltine crackers*

*Salt and pepper, to taste*

*1 teaspoon chicken bouillon  
(granulated)*

*2 tablespoons melted butter*

*2 cups milk, or enough to cover*

*Parsley and paprika*

Mix crushed crackers with salt, pepper and bouillon. In a casserole make alternate layers of cracker mixture and oysters, making the last layer of crackers. Combine melted butter with enough milk to cover casserole. Sprinkle with parsley and paprika. Bake at 325° for 35 minutes. Serves 4-6.

### CASTAGNOLA'S SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA

Overlooking the San Lorenzo River and a city park in downtown Santa Cruz, this popular restaurant, owned and managed by Al and Robert Castagnola, is at 119 River Street, South. Lunch and dinner served every day, except Monday. Reservations necessary.

#### VEAL PICCATA

*12 veal scallops (¼-inch thick,  
2-3 inches round)*

*½ cup flour*

*½ cup olive oil*

*3 cups raw, sliced mushrooms*

*¾ cup chopped green onions*

*1 teaspoon salt*

*1 tablespoon garlic powder*

*½ teaspoon white pepper*

*¼ cup lemon juice*

*1 cup softened butter*

*2 cups hot buttered rice*

Flour veal scallops. Sauté in olive oil until lightly browned. Drain oil from skillet. Add mushrooms, green onions, salt, garlic powder, white pepper and sauté for 3-5 minutes. Add lemon juice and butter. Serve with hot buttered rice. Makes 4 servings.

painting by Lou McMurray

# CRUISING VAN



## OF THE MONTH

JULY's winning entry in the contest for converted Ford Cruising Vans belongs to George Hubbs of South Amboy, New Jersey. If you've added a personal touch to your Cruising Van and feel it's worth showing off, send us color photos or slides of your vehicle. We will award a top-of-the-line, 40-channel Kraco citizen's band radio to each month's winner.

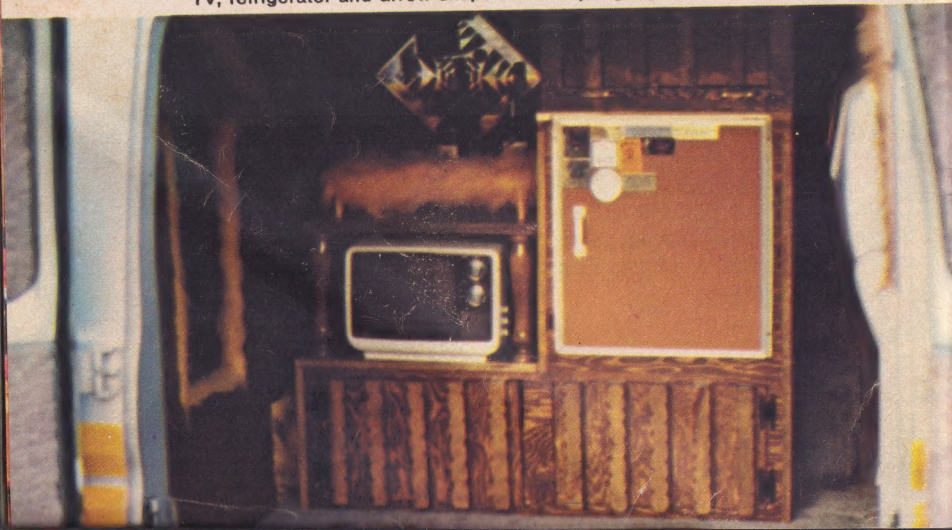
Pictures should show exteriors and interiors and will be judged on their suitability for FORD TIMES as well as the imagination, originality

and ingenuity of the conversion. FORD TIMES is particularly interested in seeing how owners have customized the interiors of their Cruising Vans. □

Please do not include people in the pictures. Persons submitting pictures must own the photographed vehicle wholly or in part. All photographs used become the property of Ford Motor Company. Entries will not be acknowledged or returned unless accompanied by postage. Send entries to Ford Cruising Van Conversions, Ford Motor Company, Room 332, 3000 Schaefer Road, Dearborn, Michigan 48121. Many of the items shown on winning vans are available through retail organizations and establishments not connected with Ford Motor Company. The availability, price, quality and durability of these items rest solely with their manufacturers and sales organizations.



TV, refrigerator and arrow-shaped doorway highlight custom interior







# A new look . . . a new size . . . a new price . . . but unmistakably Thunderbird.

For 1977, Thunderbird has a whole new look both inside and outside. Its changes are dramatic including Thunderbird's new price. You'll find that it's considerably lower this year, making the 1977 version the most affordable Thunderbird in years.

Standard value features remain Thunderbird's strong suit. Such appreciated items as V-8 engine, power steering, power disc brakes, automatic transmission and AM radio are all standard on the Thunderbird.

Our Interior Luxury Group, illustrated at the right, represents a new level in fine car luxury and beauty. This new option provides sumptuous comforts like Media velour cloth trim, split bench seats with a manual passenger recliner, 18-oz. plush cut-pile carpeting, visor

vanity mirror, high-gloss instrument panel appliques, courtesy lights and a host of other features.

**Thunderbird for 1977. Take one for a demonstration ride today.**



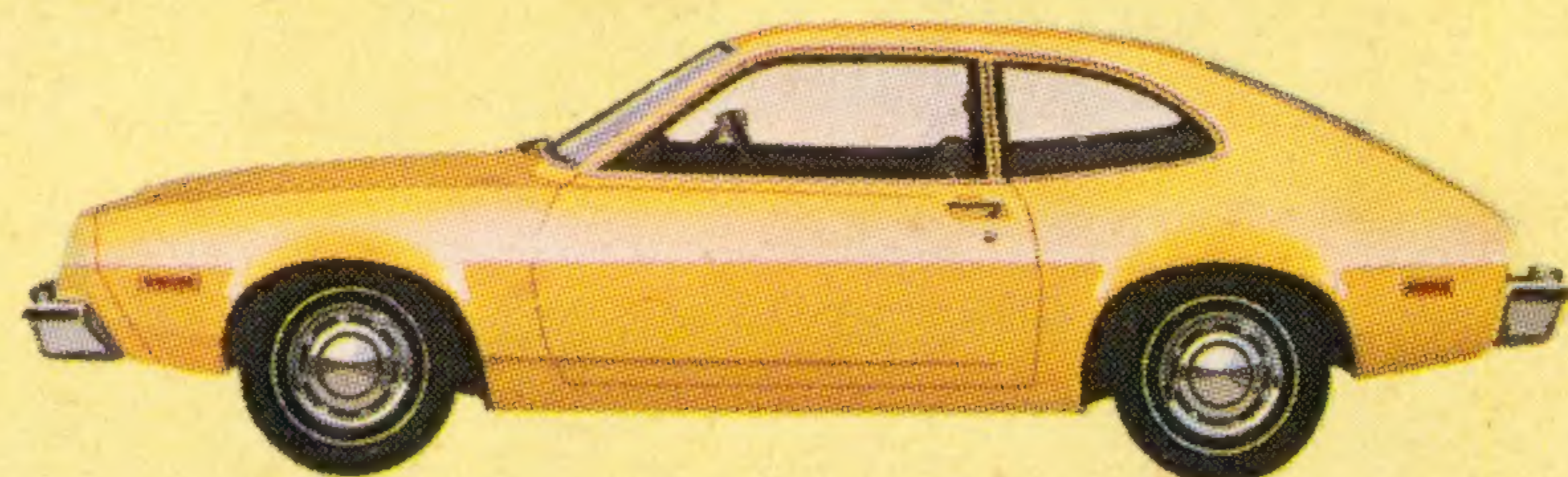
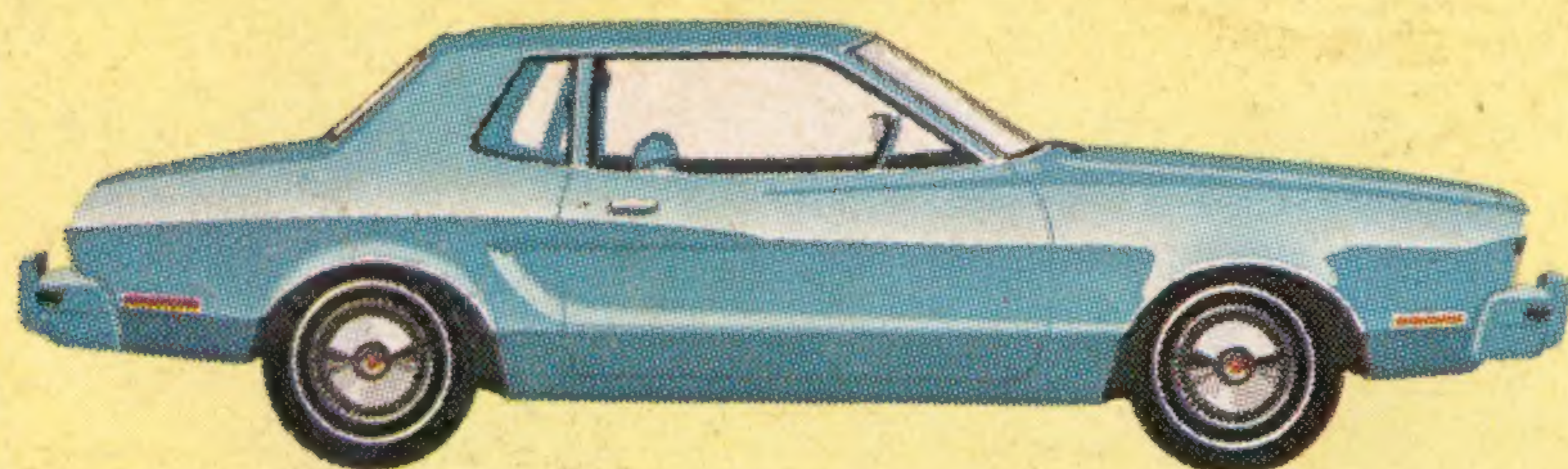
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